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LIEUT. BRAYBROOKE'S
DIARY.

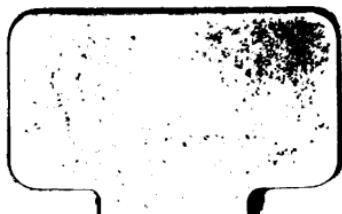


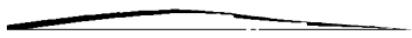
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THE
D I A R Y
OF THE LATE
LIEUT. AND ADJUTANT
W. L. B R A Y B R O O K E,
CEYLON RIFLE REGIMENT,
WHILST SERVING IN BULGARIA,
TO THE
BATTLE OF THE ALMA.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY HIS FATHER,
COLONEL B R A Y B R O O K E,
COMMANDING THAT CORPS.

LONDON:
EDWARD STANFORD, 6, CHARING CROSS.
1855.

210. i. 64.

battle of the Alma, as stated in the official dispatch, but by a miserable death from pure exhaustion, under the most heart-rending circumstances of neglect and privation of every care and comfort, on board Her Majesty's Ship "Vulcan," after having sustained with heroic fortitude one of the most fearful operations of surgery—the amputation of his leg from the hip joint.

Before I detail the harrowing circumstances of his last moments, I would mention that no sooner was it known in Ceylon, that war had been declared by France and England against Russia, than impelled by ardent love of his country, desire for professional improvement, and burning for an opportunity to distinguish himself, and trusting also to merit promotion, my son applied for the furlough, to which he had been entitled three years previously, with the expressed object of joining the army in Turkey.

Leave of absence for eighteen months was readily granted. Full of life, health, hope and ardour, he left Ceylon in the middle of April, and reached London at the end of May last. He immediately offered his services to assist in training and organizing the Turk-

ish contingent, which it was then understood to be the intention of the British Government to raise. For those duties he was probably as well qualified as any officer in Her Majesty's Service; for irrespective of no ordinary professional abilities and attainments, he had been more than six years Adjutant of by far the largest Battalion in the British Army, composed chiefly of Mussulmen, (and for which he had trained nearly 1000 recruits) with whose language, written like the Turkish in the Arabic character, religion, feelings, customs and prejudices, he was well acquainted. He possessed too, a remarkably calm and even, but firm and resolute temper, with a sound, practical judgment. He was zealous, energetic, industrious, persevering and systematic—qualifications, which those best acquainted with the character of Orientals will admit to be the most important elements of success in training them for Military Service.

My son's application for employment, was supported by the strongest testimonials from Lieutenant-Generals Smelt and Bainbrigge, Major-General Fraser, and other officers, under whom he had served upwards of ten years; but after nearly two months fruitless attendance at different public offices, fearing that operations in the

field might commence, like his friend and comrade, the late gallant and lamented Butler, he determined to waste no more time in England. He accordingly applied for, and obtained leave to go to the seat of war—but was refused a passage in any one of the numerous ships and steamers in the employment of Government, then almost daily starting for Constantinople and Varna, although it could not put the Government to any expense ; whilst, as appears by the newspapers, passages were granted to individuals wholly unconnected with the Service. Lieutenant Braybrooke therefore proceeded at his own expense.* He made a rapid journey through France to Marseilles, whence he embarked in the “Caire,” a small French steamer, crowded with troops and passengers, for Constantinople.

His voyage, as described in his Diary, was marked by misfortunes and annoyances which might almost have been deemed ominous of his impending fate.—The steamer “Onyx,” in which he embarked at Dover, ran down a Prussian brig, happily without loss of life ; immediately after quitting Marseilles, cholera broke

* Lieutenant Braybrooke's expenditure, from the time he quitted Ceylon to his death, was upwards of £250 beyond his pay.

out amongst the French troops, and continued through the voyage, carrying off several of the men; hence Lieutenant Braybrooke was confined to the vessel till its arrival at Constantinople; then he discovered that a portmanteau which contained his letters of introduction, other important documents, and his pecuniary means, although taken charge of, and duly registered by the "Messageries Imperiales," had not been shipped; he thus found himself in a foreign capital without friends or money, or the means of obtaining the latter. In this predicament he decided upon proceeding in the Caire at once to Varna.

He reached Varna on the 2nd August, and having several old friends and a cousin in the 95th Regiment, he determined, if possible, to serve with that corps during the campaign. Lieutenant-Colonel Webber Smith, who commanded the Regiment, most kindly acceded to his wish, and after some delay and much discouragement, at length, as he states in his Diary, "to his great delight" his desire was gratified.

My son immediately joined the regiment, and was posted to No. 5 Company, commanded by his friend, the brave and deeply regretted Captain Dowdall; and he accompanied

it to the Crimea, where, at the battle of the Alma, he escaped the fearful slaughter which fell upon the devoted regiment the moment it crossed the river, and had scaled its left bank;* amongst the numerous victims was the gallant Dowdall, who fell mortally wounded. The command of the company then devolved upon my son, who continued at its head during the repeated assaults made by the 95th and other regiments upon the batteries and formidable position of the Russians; but towards the end of the battle, in an unsuccessful and sanguinary attack upon the redoubt which was afterwards stormed by the Grenadier Guards, and detachments of the regiments which had previously failed, Lieutenant Braybrooke fell seriously, though not mortally, wounded by a musket ball. He was speedily removed from the field, and subsequent events as they befel him on shore are narrated in the following letter, addressed to me by Dr. Gordon, then Surgeon of the 95th Regiment, now Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals.

* The 95th lost, Officers, 6; Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates, 45 killed. Officers, 11; Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates, 128 wounded.

Number of Officers fighting in the battle was 26, of 17 were killed or wounded.

"45, Northumberland Street,
Edinburgh, 5th Jan. 1855.

"My dear Sir,

"Your note of the 2nd instant has this moment reached me, and I hasten to give the details regarding the case of your son, as far as lies in my power, although I regret they must be scanty, having so shortly afterwards been compelled from ill health to leave the duties of the corps to another officer.

"I need scarcely tell you that your son, during the too short period he was with the corps, endeared himself to all, and his loss was deeply regretted.

"He was brought to the hospital tent, I think about 6 p.m., and almost immediately after was seen by me. I did not conceive it advisable to remove the limb at that time, and thought it prudent to have the opinion of the Inspector - General of Hospitals, and several other Medical Officers. Accordingly, he was placed in the tent, and on the following morning he was seen by the Inspector-General, Dr. Hall, Deputy - Inspector - General, Dr. Dum-breck, together with several other Medical Officers, including the late Dr. Mackenzie, of Edinburgh. It was determined, in consequence

of the nature of the wound (which was caused by a musket ball entering high up, and shattering the bone to a very considerable extent, and implicating the joint) to remove the limb, as affording the only chance of life. I explained to your son the nature of the operation, also the risk of his life ; he at once gave his consent, and the operation was immediately performed, and he was in the course of the day put on board the Vulcan. At the time of embarkation he was in good spirits, and felt himself comfortable, and a favourable result was anticipated, although the results of so severe an operation are at all times doubtful.

“ You are right in stating that chloroform was not employed in his case. I did not think it would have been advisable to have put him under its influence without hazarding a fatal issue while on the operating table ; however, his mother may rest assured that the agony endured was for a very brief period, indeed it has seldom fallen to my lot, although in several battle-fields, to have performed such an operation, and witnessed it borne with the same fortitude and little apparent suffering, indeed, he never uttered a groan.

“ I shall endeavour to learn from my assistants,

whether he alluded to his family in any way, either prior or subsequent to his removal on board ship ; he did not to me.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours truly,

(Signed) ARCHIBALD GORDON."

"Colonel Braybrooke."

The severe operation having been thus successfully performed, without that shock to the nervous system which I understand usually accompanies so severe a case ; my son remaining calm and cheerful, and possessing a remarkably healthy and vigorous constitution, sanguine expectations were entertained that his life would have been saved : but alas ! those hopes were not realized ; not from any failing in the nerve and spirit of the brave, noble-hearted sufferer, but from complete exhaustion, resulting from the neglect of every necessary preparation by the Fleet, for the reception and proper care of those gallant soldiers, who had fought and bled literally in its sight ; but, I say, with horror and indignation, from want of the commonest care, and even of common necessaries, on board Her Majesty's Steamer Vulcan, to which vessel he had been conveyed on the morning of the 21st September.

Having seen a letter in the *Times* from the Surgeon of the Vulcan, having for its object the exoneration of himself from blame, in respect to the misery endured by the wounded men who had been crowded on board that vessel, I was induced to apply to him for all the information he could give relative to the last moments of my beloved son; and whilst, under the circumstances of the case, I feel myself perfectly justified in making an extract from his reply bearing exclusively upon my son's unhappy case, I deem it only an act of justice to Dr. Peters to insert in full his letter published in the *Times*.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“ SIR,

“ I read a few days since, in your paper of the 15th October, the remarks of your correspondent at Constantinople, on the treatment of the sick and wounded brought in this vessel to that place after the battle of the Alma; and I am sure you will feel pleasure in being able to give my unqualified contradiction to all that part which relates to the neglect of the sick and wounded after they embarked, and I do this not only in justice to myself as Surgeon

in charge, but to the three excellent and zealous Assistant-Surgeons who were with me at the time, and I feel happy that I shall not only be able to do this on my own testimony and that of the officers of the ship, but I can appeal with confidence to the officers and men who were then sick and wounded, and who have since been sent to England.

“On the morning of the 21st September, I was called out of bed to receive on board eighty-six sick and wounded men who had been sent from the shore; of these nearly all were suffering from dysentery and cholera. The wounded were I think six, all of whom had been wounded in the cavalry skirmish the night before the battle, there were five cases of amputation which were placed in a very airy, clean part of the main deck, away from all the sick; they were all dressed soon after they came on board, and as soon as possible food was given to all.

“At this time I was without an assistant, but soon after noon, the other sick and wounded were sent on board by boat loads, so that by 6 o'clock there were on board about 500, and the First Lieutenant, in the absence of the Commander, refused to receive any more. Dr. Dias, the Deputy-Medical Inspector, had visited the

ship in the forenoon to ascertain how many could be accommodated, and went then with Commander Von Dennop to see Dr. Hall, to procure necessary dressings and medicines for those sent, which, by the bye, did not reach me till past 9 at night, when I had not only expended all the lint, calico, &c. in my charge, but had been obliged to make use of sheets and shirts, &c. which the officers of this vessel gave for the use of those poor fellows.

“ During the afternoon, Dr. Ryan, senior assistant of the Agamemnon came on board, and worked incessantly with me till near midnight, and other surgeons and assistant-surgeons from the fleet were also assisting. So that before 10 o’clock all the wounded were disposed of and put below—and then, for the first time, I saw some of the officers who had been brought on board, among them was an old friend of the 23rd. It was near midnight before I went to bed, after having seen, as far as I possibly could, every wounded man dressed, and every sick man supplied with medicine and food, whilst Drs. Ryan and Squires kept watch alternately over them. One man, who had been brought on board dreadfully lacerated, died soon after his embarking, and early next morning I was

called to see poor Braybrooke of the Ceylon Rifles, who died soon after I reached him. Besides these no wounded man died on board. Early on the morning of the 23rd we started for Constantinople, the Commander-in-Chief having sent to assist me Mr. Drew, assistant-surgeon of the Inflexible, Luking of the Vesuvius, and Mr. Shore of the Furious; and here I may once for all state that nothing could possibly exceed the zeal and kindness of these gentlemen during the passage. Day and night they were engaged dressing the wounded, and I can assure you there were scenes to try the nerves of old campaigners. Of what I did myself I do not feel called upon to say more than that I undertook to attend all the medical cases, and this, with the providing men with suitable food who had been for some days with nothing but salt rations, still suffering from dysentery, gave me no little anxiety; but under all the disadvantages we providentially lost only eighteen cases on our passage to Scutari.

“In taking leave of this part, as concerns the alleged neglect of the medical men, I assert there was not one man who was not attended to on the passage; and now, before I conclude, let me say a word or two for the

officers and men of the vessel. Never in my life did I witness such kindness shewn to men by others. Our petty officers and seamen gave up their shirts and other clothing to those poor fellows who had lost theirs in the field ; while the 1st Lieutenant made himself very ill, by his constant attendance on the wounded on the main deck, and the 2nd Lieutenant had a poor fellow badly wounded in his head put into his own cabin, where he remained the greater part of the passage, till I had him removed to the poop, under an awning where it was cooler.

“ I write in great haste and amidst scenes of great misery, having now under my care a great number of badly wounded Russian prisoners, who were taken on the 5th instant, which must plead as my apology for any defect of style of correspondence — but I feel warmly on the subject on which I write, not only for my own credit, but for the sake of those at home, who have friends among our gallant soldiers in the Crimea, who may rest assured that they will always experience the same kindness on board Her Majesty’s Ships, as when in the Military Hospitals among men of their own profession ; and I rejoice to say that in going round the

wards of the Hospital in Scutari, myself and the other medical officers were welcomed with blessings by those who came down with us.

“With apologies for occupying so much valuable time,

I have the honour to be

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) JAMES PETERS, Surgeon,
H.M.S. Vulcan.

“H.M.S. Vulcan, on passage to Constantinople,
Nov. 17.”

The following is an extract from Dr. Peters letter to me, dated Constantinople, 28th Jan. 1855.

“On my arrival yesterday from Marseilles, I found your letter which I hasten to answer.

“I need only say that with 500 sick and wounded men on board, I was not able to devote much time to individuals, but immediately after I had dressed the poor wounded soldiers, I went to see your son and the other officers. I found him very comfortable in a large cabin twelve feet long and eight feet wide, in which there was only one other officer, also wounded—there appeared to have been considerable loss of blood from the stump, but there was then no hemorrhage, and your son

had partaken of some warm gruel and expressed himself very happy to be so well off as he was. I talked with him some time about poor Skinner of your Regiment, and I left him for the night, expecting to find him going on all right in the morning, but a little before 7 o'clock, I was called out of bed in a great hurry to see him, as the assistant-surgeon on duty sent to say, "Captain Braybrooke was dead." I hastened down and found him raised on his bed, his head supported by pillows, and life was then apparently extinct—but on lowering him on his bed and applying stimuli, he slowly recovered consciousness, took some wine and warm soup, and spoke to me, saying he was better—but he soon began to complain of severe constriction in the region of the heart, but without pain, and within half an hour of my being called to him he expired.

"I found on inquiry, that feeling sick in the morning he had called the man in attendance to lift him up in bed, which he did, and while in this position he fainted, and the attendant through ignorance did not lay his head low, as he ought to have done, by which the circulation might have been sooner restored.

"I suppose his death is to be ascribed to the

loss of blood on the field and after the operation.—I write in great haste, but I beg you to accept my sincere condolence on your heavy loss, and I trust you and his bereaved mother will find some alleviation of your distress in the assurance that he had all attention which could be acquired.

“ Believe me, &c. &c.

(Signed)

“ JAMES PETERS.”

“ To Colonel Braybrooke.”

The contents of Dr. Peters' letter, with the opinions expressed thereon by several medical gentlemen who perused it increased my anxiety for further details, and having heard that Lieutenant Bazalgette, a young wounded officer of the 95th Regiment, who had also been put on board the Vulcan, was in town, I called upon him, and after I had informed him it was my intention to publish my son's Diary, with a brief memoir of his services and unhappy death, he kindly gave me the following details in writing.

That after the battle, he and my son were put in the hospital tent together, my son was cheerful and free from anxiety. In the morning of the 21st Sept. the amputation was performed,

and about an hour afterwards, my son was carried to the beach in a hammock, whilst Lieutenant Bazalgette, whose right hand was shattered, walked by his side, affording him what assistance he could, and once gave him a little brandy. Lieutenant Bazalgette did not see any medical officer, either of the army or navy, superintending the embarkation of the wounded. They reached the Vulcan at about 12 o'clock, noon, and my son was conveyed to a cabin below, Lieutenant Bazalgette thinks, under the superintendence of a Naval Medical Officer. He was laid upon an iron bedstead, which had only a single blanket spread on it to protect his mutilated frame from the iron laths. Here he was left without further care or attention. Lieutenant Bazalgette remained with my son till about 8 P.M., during which time, one wine glass of claret, and a little water, was the only nourishment my poor son received. Lieutenant Bazalgette applied for brandy for him, but could not get it, even by purchase. My son continued calm and cheerful, and once only expressed any feeling of regret or anxiety, and that was at not being able to accompany the army to Sebastopol. No medical, or other officer of the ship saw my son whilst Lieutenant

Bazalgette was with him ; there was no attendant, nor did any one offer a mattress for the sufferer's use. Lieutenant Bazalgette, thinks between twenty and thirty wounded officers, and upwards of 400 wounded and sick men were put on board the Vulcan ; but my son's was the most serious case amongst the officers, and he was the only one who died on board.

Lieutenant Bazalgette, feeling anxious about his friend, my dear son, rose early on the following morning, and went into his cabin. There was then no orderly in attendance upon him, and Lieutenant Jones, 7th Regiment, (also wounded,) informed Lieutenant Bazalgette, that they had been left without attendance the whole night, and that my son had repeatedly called in vain for water !! Lieutenant Bazalgette, observing that his friend looked much worse than on the preceding night, went out to look for a Medical Officer. He met an Assistant-Surgeon, who, at his request, went to the cabin, looked at the unhappy patient, did nothing, and went to call Dr. Peters, who came in about a quarter of an hour; before his arrival, however, my dear son raised his head to Lieutenant Bazalgette's shoulder, murmured a few words, of which only " Mother,

write Ceylon," were audible, and apparently expired. What subsequently took place has been already recorded in Dr. Peters' letter to me.

That letter, and Dr. Gordon's letter, together with the information given by Lieutenant Bazalgette, I have shewn, or communicated to several army and civil medical men, and have learned from them that, after so severe an operation, my poor son should have been carefully and constantly attended to, and stimulants and nourishment given to him every quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. What was the case after he was placed on board the Vulcan?

According to Lieutenant Bazalgette's statement, he was left from 12 A. M. till 8 P. M. with no other nourishment than one wine glass of claret, and a little water !! Between 8 P. M., and the time when Dr. Peters saw my son, it would appear that some one must have given him some warm gruel ; but Dr. Peters seems to have been ignorant, that even a single glass of claret had been supplied, whilst it is clear from his own statement, that he never thought of ordering anything for the unhappy sufferer, nor does it appear that he secured any attendance for him, and Lieutenant Jones, for the remainder of the night. Dr. Peters sat and talked with my son,

found him cheerful and happy at being so well off, then left him, to take himself, that repose which, after the painful labours of the day, he must have so greatly needed. All this is to be gathered from Dr. Peters' own letters. Now I have been informed, that my son, having borne the fearful operation so well, retaining such wonderful strength and spirits, without the slightest nervous depression or excitement, even after the loss of at least ten most precious hours, which had elapsed from the time he arrived on board the Vulcan, if Dr. Peters, when he did see him, had instantly caused him to be supplied with the stimulus and nourishment required by the urgency of the case, the practice of the profession, and the dictates of common sense and humanity, had appointed a steady, intelligent man to attend him, had properly instructed that man how to act, and had directed the Assistant-Surgeon on duty to visit him frequently, the valued life of my dear son, in all human probability, would have been saved. Dr. Gordon expected a favourable result, and Lieutenant Bazalgette was informed by other Medical Officers who assisted in the operation, that they confidently looked for a favourable

issue. Dr. Peters himself also expected to find him doing well in the morning, and the fact of his recovery from apparent death after the application of stimuli, and of his improved strength when wine and soup had been given to him, confirms the belief that the happiest results might reasonably have been anticipated, if even moderate attention had been paid to him. As it was, the wonder is, that he survived such inhuman neglect so long as he did.

Dr. Peters states in his letter to me, that the apparent death of my poor son arose from the ignorance of the man in attendance in raising him up ; this is not the fact, there was no one in attendance upon him when Lieutenant Bazalgette went to see him on the morning of 22nd of September, and it was the act of the sufferer himself, who in his agony raised his head to his young friend's shoulder, and then died, as Lieutenant Bazalgette thought. I have only one further remark to make upon this sad case, and that is the fact mentioned by Dr. Peters himself, that only two deaths occurred amongst the wounded officers and men on board the Vulcan ; one, of a man fearfully mutilated, who died soon after going on board,

and my dear son; hence it is obvious, that with only one very serious case, attention could, and ought to have been paid to that case.

I have stated that there was no previous preparation in the Fleet for the reception and proper care of the wounded, and I deem it proper to show the grounds upon which I have ventured to make that statement. Independently of all that has appeared in the newspapers upon the subject, I think Dr. Peters' letter of the 17th of November, 1854, sufficiently attests the fact. He was called out of bed, apparently without any previous warning, on the morning of 21st of September, to receive 86 sick and wounded men, and during the day, about 400 more were poured on board, whilst, until the afternoon, when Dr. Ryan was sent to his assistance, Dr. Peters was left alone to the care and treatment of that enormous mass of human misery. Subsequently, other Medical Officers were sent on board, though how many is not stated. Now, to take a proper view of the question, it must be borne in mind that the Allied army reached the position in front of the Russians on the 19th September. It was certain that a battle

would immediately be fought, and it must have been equally obvious that the wounded and sick would have to be provided for on board the Fleet; hence hospital ships should have been immediately prepared, supposing they had not been previously thought of. With so noble a Fleet of war ships, each doubtless with its complement of medical Officers, and all necessary comforts and surgical appliances, and with so large a number of fine transports already fitted up for troops, and all, I imagine, carrying surgeons; it only wanted a judicious selection of the best ships and arrangements for having a due proportion of medical men, comforts, bedding, and other necessaries in each, to have insured comfortable accommodation and every necessary care to the sufferers, and to have guarded against the loss of life and fearful misery endured by the survivors on their voyage to Constantinople. So far from any such previous arrangements having been made, or apparently even thought of, at least as far as the Vulcan was concerned, it was not till the forenoon of 21st September, after 86 sick and wounded had been taken on board, that Dr. Dias, the Deputy-Medical Inspector,

visited the ship to ascertain how many men could be accommodated; then the ship was almost without dressings, and none were sent till the evening; and the sick and wounded were crowded on board, until the First Lieutenant refused to receive any more.

The army and the fleet remained at the Alma till the morning of 23rd September, and in these two days all the more serious cases, at least, could with proper arrangements have been properly attended to, and several valuable men might doubtless have been saved to their country and to their friends, which were lost for want of care and nourishment; and perhaps also, like my lamented son, craving in vain for water during hours of mortal agony; and alas! even without an attendant to receive and convey to his bereaved parents the precious words and wishes of his last moments.

Whilst I have described the neglect of my beloved son on board H. M. Ship, Vulcan, it is due to others to state, that my nephew and some other wounded officers were put on board the Sanspareil, and that, from the Captain to the youngest boy on board, kindness, care, and attention was lavished upon them, and the private

stores of the officers freely placed at their disposal ; and I have no doubt, that even on board the Vulcan, similar kindness was eventually shown during the voyage to Constantinople.

Thus, as I have described, was lost to his country, and to his family, in the 27th year of his age, a brave, devoted and promising soldier, a loving and ever dutiful son, a most affectionate and unselfish brother, a sincere and generous friend. His whole life had been most exemplary, and consequently he was loved by his family, with no ordinary love. In his regiment, of which he became a most efficient Adjutant, before he was 20 years old, he was beloved, esteemed, and respected by all ranks. His brother officers, as soon as they heard of his lamented death, assembled to express their sentiments of respect and regret, and to arrange for the erection of a monument to his memory, in conjunction with that of his late friend and comrade, Captain Butler, the gallant defender of Silistria; and the non-commissioned officers and privates, requested permission to join in that mark of respect to their late true friend, their beloved Adjutant. During the short period of my son's service with the 95th regiment, he acquired the

love and esteem of the officers, and the respect of the men. In private life, his amiable, unassuming manners, and kindness of disposition, conciliated the esteem and regard of all with whom he became acquainted.

It was on my passage to England from Ceylon, in October last, that I read the fatal list of the killed at the Alma; but on reaching England, I learnt that my son had been wounded whilst carrying the colours of the 95th regiment, and died on board the Vulcan. I was, therefore, anxious for all possible information concerning his conduct in his first, and, alas! last field, and of his death. I therefore wrote to various parties, and although, unhappily some of them had subsequently fallen at Inkerman, I received the following letters, which sufficiently attest that my beloved son had gallantly performed his duty.

“ Camp before Sebastopol,
26th November, 1854.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Your letter of 25th October, addressed to the officer commanding the Fusilier Guards, was handed over to me a few days ago, as

commanding officer of the Grenadier Guards, for it was with the last mentioned regiment that the colours of the 95th regiment, with a few men, advanced into the redoubt at the battle of the Alma. It was to me, as the acting Major of the Grenadier Guards, that the officers, carrying the colours of the 95th, addressed themselves, wishing to join our regiment on our attack upon that redoubt, after the first attack of the 95th and 55th regiments had been checked. I was not aware at the time, of the names of those officers carrying the colours, but from inquiries I have since made, I have collected the following particulars relative to your son's death.

“During the first part of the action, and till after the 95th had crossed the river, his cousin was carrying the colours; on surmounting the embankment, and advancing towards the redoubt, he was wounded and carried to the rear. Your son was with the left centre, or 5th company of the 95th; he did not take the colours on the occasion of his cousin's wound, but continued the advance with his company, cheering on his men (as I hear from his comrades) most gallantly, and distinguishing

himself by his conduct; he was rather to the right of the redoubt.

" It was subsequent to his receiving his wound that his regiment retired, and the colours carried by Major Hume and Mr. Morgan, formed in rear of the left company of Grenadier Guards, and then formed up on their left, and advanced a second time with the Guards, into the breast-work, or redoubt. After the action was over, your son was found lying about 30 yards to the right of the breast-work; he was wounded in the right thigh by a musket shot, and carried to the rear by a party of his regiment into a marquee, pitched about a mile north of the river, for the purpose of a hospital. There he was received by Dr. Gordon, and the Assistant-Surgeons of the 95th. Dr. Hall, the Inspector-General, and Dr. Dumbreck, the Deputy Inspector-General, were also both present; they all concurred in the necessity of amputating the limb, which operation was performed on the morning of the 21st September, and he was carried on board ship the same day. He gradually sunk, however, under the wound, and died on the 23rd September, when on board the transport, to which he had been carried.

"I heard from the Assistant-Surgeon of his regiment, that he bore the amputation most heroically, and all his brother officers bear testimony to the gallant manner in which he advanced to the attack of the redoubt. Should I be able to collect any further particulars relative to the lamented death of your son, it will be a great satisfaction to me to inform you of them.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed) "FREDERICK WILLIAM HAMILTON,
Capt. and Col. Grenadier Guards,
Now Commanding 3rd Battalion.

"To Col. Braybrooke."

"6, Brunswick Road, Brighton.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I should have written to you previously to the receipt of your letter on the subject of the death of your gallant son, had I known your address; but I did not, and besides, I relied on your nephew giving you those painful details with which I am but little acquainted.

"I did not see your son fall; but when I was carried to the rear in the afternoon of the battle, I was told he was dangerously wounded, and

that an operation had been, or was to be performed ; some time afterwards, a marquee was brought up, and your son with some others carried into it. I remaining outside, where first laid down.

“ The next morning your son was one of the first carried down to the shipping. I did not get down till the evening, and we were carried on board different vessels. I thus saw nothing of the poor fellow after he was wounded. I can, however, speak with great satisfaction of his conduct during the time he was with the 95th Regiment. I always found him zealous, active, and enterprizing ; he was beloved by his comrades, and respected by the men.

“ Had it pleased God to have spared his life, he would have been an ornament to his profession.

“ Believe me to remain, my dear Sir,

“ With much sympathy,

“ Yours very faithfully,

“ J. WEBBER SMITH,

“ Lieut.-Col. 95th Regt.”

“ To Col. Braybrooke.”

The painful details I have here given, the foregoing letters, and the Diary kept by my

beloved son from the day he left London upon his ill-fated expedition, to the moment almost of going into action (which I have decided to publish for private circulation), will be read with mournful interest by his relations, and all who knew him. The events recorded by him are necessarily few and unimportant; but the tenor of his remarks serve to show the character of his mind, his affection for his family and friends, his ardent love for his country and his profession, and his desire for an opportunity of distinguishing himself; and I also think they convey clear evidence, that if his life had been spared, although his active military career must have been for ever closed, he would still have proved himself a valuable and honourable member of society.

SAMUEL BRAYBROOKE,
Colonel of Ceylon Rifles.

London, 5th April, 1855.

J O U R N A L,

ETC.

Monday, July 17th, 1854.—COMMENCED a new epoch in my life—a step taken which will, I feel, materially affect my future career for good or for bad. My promotion will, I am convinced, be greatly retarded or much quickened. I must say it was not without many misgivings that at half-past eight o'clock, p.m. I took my seat in a very comfortable first class carriage in London, from whence I was, with others, soon whisked off to Dover, the first stage of my journey to Constantinople and the wars. My companions in the carriage were two young Englishmen, who, I was very glad to find, seemed as bent as I was in maintaining the habitual reserve of our *noble* countrymen in general. I was therefore left to my own thoughts, which, of course, ran on the possible results of the step I was taking. First, picturing to myself the

anticipations of my friends in England, viz. a cold reception from those in authority at the seat of war, and a refusal to allow me to take any part in "the coming struggle;" and then again my hopes would brighten, and I did not see why fortune should not stand me in good need, and give me an opportunity of distinguishing myself as my *doubly** connected brother-officer, Butler, has done. The thought that those under whom I had served flattered me by thinking that I should make a small name for myself, if an opportunity offered, raised my hopes, and I fully determined that they should not be disappointed in me. There is an indescribable something in me which seems to make me feel that if I am not killed, I shall do something to merit my name being brought to notice, *if I have only the opportunity.* But still, how many braver hearts and stronger arms than mine have been disappointed of that opportunity, which it is ever difficult for a poor, unfriended

* "Doubly connected" refers to the fact that both Capt. Butler and my son obtained their first commissions in the 90th Light Infantry, and were trained in that fine regiment; and were afterwards Lieutenants together in the Ceylon Rifle Regiment for more than seven years.

subaltern to find. However, I have ventured forth, and must trust to fortune and keep up heart under all circumstances. I have more than one heart wishing me well, and more eyes than those of one will be filled with tears of joy and pride when they see my name honourably mentioned. The knowledge of this alone will support me through all dangers and hardships, and prompt me to acquit myself well. My meditations were stopped by our arrival at Dover at eleven o'clock. No time was lost in getting on board the Calais packet, yclept "Onyx." At half-past eleven we were steaming at a great rate towards Calais. About mid-way, however, the "Onyx" had nearly ended her own career as well as that of most on board, by running, or perhaps I ought more properly to say being run headlong into a Prussian brig. The sudden shock took us all a little aback, and although none seemed outrageously frightened, some few commenced casting off boots, coats, &c. &c. making ready for a swim. It was, however, soon discovered that we were in no danger and had received no damage. A boat was lowered to go off to the foreigner to see how she had fared. She was found full of water, but being luckily timber laden, could not sink. I must

bear testimony to the admirable manner in which the six or eight ladies on board the "Onyx" behaved; not a scream was heard, but merely an inquiry or two as to what was the matter, and whether there was any danger. After an hour's delay we continued our course, and were at about 2½ P.M. on the 18th safe in Calais, where the examination of passports and the registration of baggage occupied about an hour, and then those destined for Paris continued their journey by rail. I ensconced myself in a luxurious carriage (somewhat superior to the generality of first class carriages in England), and there dreamed my dreams of disappointment and glory alternately over again. About 225 miles of rail between Calais and Paris were run over in about 7½ hours, for 10½ A.M. saw us in Paris, where a cursory examination of my baggage took place (this leniency I owed to the fact of my being a military man bound to the wars). After inspection of baggage an omnibus transported myself and traps to Meurice's Hotel, for a charge of a franc and a half. Of the establishment of Messrs. Caillies and Co. I cannot say much either for or against, as, after an ablution and writing a few notes, I had only a very light dinner (for which I had to

pay five francs), and then took a drive about Paris to see the exterior of some of the chief buildings, which delighted me much. Returned to the Hotel at seven p.m. when I left again for the Lyons Railway station, from whence at eight o'clock exactly the train left for Lyons, where we arrived about seven o'clock on the morning of the 19th; changed here the rail for a steam boat, and after nearly three hours delay we were steaming down the Rhone for Valence. The steamer was anything but a comfortable one; but the trip down to Valence being only one of five hours, it mattered not much. At Valence we again took to the rail, leaving that town for Marseilles at a quarter past three o'clock. Marseilles was reached at half-past nine; at ten I was in the Hotel des Ambassadeurs, and after the discussion of a leg of a fowl, retired to bed pretty well inclined to sleep, as I had not done so for the two previous nights.

The 20th July was spent in roaming about the streets of Marseilles, and making one or two purchases. The only place I saw worth seeing was a most magnificent café, well entitled the Café au Première; it was handsomely, in fact gorgeously painted, gilded, and be-mirrored. The harbours of Marseilles seem extensive, but

the shipping in them did not, to my eyes, appear to be generally A 1 ; however, I am a landsman, and no judge. I did not see the place best worth seeing about Marseilles, (as I afterwards heard it was), viz the “Jardin des Fleurs,” the evening resort of the gay and fashionables of Marseilles.

July 21st.—At 2 o'clock, P.M. I stepped on board the “Caire,” which, at about $3\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, steamed out of the harbour, leaving behind a part of her companion-ladder, which was carried away in passing another steamer, alongside of which she was moored. Thus I bid goodbye to France, having travelled through the whole length of the beautiful land, but in so short a time (three days) that I could not venture to pass an opinion upon it, or its inhabitants, from whom I must say I met every civility and no rudeness.

On board the “Caire” I met a Mr. a Queen's messenger, two Commissariat officers, named Carpenter and Power, five officers of the Irish Constabulary named, Barron, Du Gernon, Brew, Du Bundieu and Anderson, going out to Turkey, to be temporarily employed in the Commissariat—all five are Irish to the backbone, but seemingly decent fellows. Then we

have further, as first-class passengers, a French Major of Cavalry, a French Surgeon-de-Chef, and a young Maltese lad, going home for the holidays. This youngster I had with me in my cabin. The second-class passengers consist of some ten or twelve French officers, from Captains downwards, none below the rank of Field-Officer being allowed to go in the first-class, a very shabby rule, which must be very detrimental to the authority of those officers, especially when travelling with English officers ; and it must be very galling to their feelings, for they have for company some eight or ten English and Irishmen going out as Commissariat store-keepers, as also six or eight nondescript French or other foreigners of no very gentlemanly appearance. Our third-class passengers are a mixed lot, some fourteen or fifteen in number ; and in addition to them, we have about 200 French soldiers and two horses on board, so that we are pretty well crowded.

July 22nd.—A beautifully calm and fine day, but very hot ; the crowded state of the vessel, and the fact of every class of passengers being allowed to come aft, to sit or lie down any where and smoke, makes it anything but comfortable ; besides which, the “Caire” is the dirtiest tub

imaginable. The addition of cholera, as our companion, does not make things pleasanter. The Queen's messenger is in a terrible state and wishes himself out of the vessel.

July 23rd.—Three men died of cholera, and three more are still ill with it. The Queen's messenger very frightened. I do not wonder at the French soldiers being attacked by the epidemic, for they are crowded together more like pigs than human beings, and they are never paraded, the consequence is that they are in the filthiest state imaginable. Some of them do not seem to have taken off their great coats ever since they have been on board.

This afternoon we passed through the Straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia, a passage only attempted in the finest weather, which we certainly have been favoured with, but the heat has been almost insufferable, thermometer averaging 85° or 86°. The coasts of the islands of Corsica and Sardinia did not appear over fruitful, nor in any way striking.

Monday, July 24th.—No further cases of cholera: the three men are still ill, but a little better. At 10 o'clock, A.M. we anchored in the Quarantine Harbour of Valetta. The French soldiers were, very properly, disembarked, to

remain on shore during our stay. In the cool of the evening the English on board were towed in an open boat into the principal harbour. I should have enjoyed a bathe, which I had in the evening, had it not been for the dirty state of the vessel and the consequent filthy state I got into in dressing afterwards. A dive I took from the stern of the steamer surprised the Queen's messenger—he thought me a plucky fellow for doing a thing I thought nothing of doing.

July 25th.—Despatched a letter, which I finished yesterday, to my father. Another tow into the principal harbour. At 5 o'clock we bid good-bye to Malta: the garrison cheered the French soldiers, who would not have responded to it, had not some of us English gone upon deck, and led the cheer. We led them on in first-rate English style.

Wednesday, July 26th.—I yesterday changed cabins with the Queen's messenger, as he seemed to have set his heart upon my cabin. I am sorry now that I obliged him, as I have had a fat, lubberly Italian, named Corpi, thrust into the cabin with me—he would have been a pleasanter companion in a larger cabin, as was the one my good nature prompted me to give up. Colonel

H., as we all call him, would not, however, take the cabin without giving me something in return, so made me a present of two or three of the latest periodicals and papers; among the latter, the last edition of the *Times*, dated 18th July, in which was a long laudatory article on Butler, lamenting his death; the report of which I had hoped, on my arrival in Constantinople, to find a mistake. Poor fellow! how sad to be cut off so early, and before he had heard of the reward bestowed upon him, which his gallant services so well merited. Still he must have known that his noble conduct had been appreciated, and there must have been a glorious consolation in the knowledge that he had done his duty, and that his countrymen generally would mourn him as a lost hero; and although mixed with pain, what pleasure in the conviction, that amidst their grief for his loss, those "nearest and dearest" would burn with pride in the recollection of his brave deeds! Ah! I should like to die such a death!!

Saw no land all this day.

Thursday, July 27th.—The English party tried to stir up the spirit of the French by giving them a few chorus songs. This induced some of the French officers to bring three or four

French soldiers aft, and they struck up a few ditties, which threw the English attempt into the shade, for the Frenchmen sang beautifully, it was delightful to listen to them.

We passed between Cerigo and the Morea (Cape Matapan) this afternoon, a biscuit might almost have been thrown on the mainland. The coast on either side of us was bold, but seemingly barren. So near were we to the mainland that we plainly saw, with the naked eye, a hermit, who had taken up rather a lonely residence in what appeared to be an ancient ruin, on the side of a mountain. About 4½ P.M. we passed a Turkish steamer, towing eight or nine French brigs, evidently bound for the seat of war.

Friday, July 28th.—On awaking at an early hour this morning, found the vessel anchored in the harbour of Syra, not a very important looking town, although there appears to be a few decent houses in it. The inhabitants, from their conduct to us, must be a cowardly, inhospitable set; because we had cholera on board, they would not allow the passengers or merchandise to be landed, even at the Quarantine, but compelled us to go on to Delos, where the few passengers would have to suffer quarantine,

for a fortnight. Delos belongs to the same cluster of islands as Syra, namely, the Cyclades; it is about twenty miles distant from Syra, and appeared anything but a hospitable or fruitful spot. Near Delos, lie Naxos, Miconos, and Pharos. On Miconos we saw a town which appeared to be as large as Syra. We were told that all the creeks about these islands are infested with pirates, who are a daring set of rascals. A Greek brigantine was cruising about on the look out for them. We left Syra for Delos about 1 o'clock P.M., and from Delos we started on our way to Smyrna about 7 P.M.

Saturday, July 29th. — On awaking this morning, found we were entering the Gulf of Smyrna; the country on each side looked rich, and rather beautiful; the mountains, which seemed to run down to the sea, wanted larger trees to make them look really grand. About noon, we anchored at the reputed birth-place of Homer, Smyrna, which looked a place of such importance, that we all regretted much that we were not able to go on shore. In the harbour there were, besides ours, and other smaller vessels, another French, and an Austrian steamer, as also a very neat looking Dutch frigate. We left Smyrna about $\frac{1}{2}$ past

5 o'clock P.M., sending all our passengers, except the military, on shore, as there is no place for quarantine at Constantinople. The cholera still sticks to us; we lost last night two more men, which makes nine in all since we left Marseilles; besides which, we sent three, who were very ill indeed, on shore at Malta, one of whom died soon after being landed, and the other two were hardly expected to recover. The Queen's messenger acknowledges that he is in a terrible fright, and many of the others seem to share his fears now; they are making themselves ill by giving way to nervousness, and drinking rice water in tremendous quantities, which can, I fancy, hardly be a good anticholic draught, though it may be anti-choleric. The weather has been very warm ever since we left Marseilles, but while at anchor at Smyrna I felt the heat more than I ever remember to have felt it even within the tropics.

Sunday, July 30th.—We touched at, and left Myteline at so early an hour that none of us were up. When I got up on deck soon after 8 A.M., we had just passed Cape Baba. About noon, we sighted Tenedos, and were soon after running through Besika Bay, where

the Allied fleets were so long anchored before entering the Dardanelles. We, however, encountered no delay except from a strong head wind; and 2 P.M. saw us passing the new Castles of Europe (Seetil Bahar) and that of Asia (Koomkalissie) at the entrance of the Dardanelles, two picturesque but tumble-down fortresses, which, although mounting a good number of guns (the balls for which appeared to us, as they were heaped up, made of stone), would, I am sure, be knocked to pieces in a very few minutes by half a dozen war steamers. The batteries were, most of them, level with the water. The new Castle of Europe is the most curiously built fortress imaginable, the chief part being a large circular tower, the side of which facing the land is a great deal higher than that towards the sea; this peculiarity seems to have been designed because the fort is commanded by a very high hill in its rear. At 4½ P.M. we came opposite the old castles of Europe and Asia, (Killis Bahar) and Sultaneah Kalessi; these, if older than those at the entrance of the Dardanelles, must have been renovated very recently, for they appear much more modern, and though I should think, not very strong, still likely to give somewhat more

work to an attacking party. We sent some little merchandize and a small mail to Sultanah Kalessi; our next stoppage was at Gallipoli, where we arrived at 8 P.M., when it was too dark to see anything, and too late to hear any news, except that the cholera was playing sad havoc amongst the French troops. Here we anchored.

Monday, July 31st.—I was up at an early hour this morning, inspecting the beauties (?) of Gallipoli, which is certainly picturesque enough; composed as it is, like, I believe, most Turkish towns, of tumble down and patched up houses, the materials of which appeared to be chiefly wood. Sad, but I cannot but hope, exaggerated accounts of the havoc cholera has been making among the French troops, were brought to us this morning. Some French officers who came alongside stated that within the last three weeks they had lost 2000 men out of a force of 6000, and that the daily average number of deaths was nearly 200. Among the casualties, there had been two generals. The only English Regiment stationed here (the 4th) has not suffered so much, as they are only losing two or three a day. If the French soldiers are as little looked after on land as they are on board

ship, I do not wonder at sickness making such ravages amongst them. The papers in England talk about the superior arrangements of the French in the transport of their troops to the seat of war, but if the arrangements (!!!) made for the poor men on board the "Caire" are to be taken as a specimen of their superiority in this respect, I can only say, that if such want of arrangement in every way had existed in an English vessel, the authorities and Government would never have heard the end of it. The men not having any proper place to sleep in, lay in all weathers, in all directions about the deck. The place allotted to the sick was in the hottest, and not the sweetest part of the vessel. The men had no place to eat their meals in, but six or eight stood in clusters about the deck, eating out of one large can, a mess hardly better than would be put before a hound in England. Then the men were never required to parade, and were consequently in a very filthy state; even if they had wished to wash themselves, I doubt whether they had any proper place to do so. We landed two or three French officers, and the two horses at Gallipoli. One of the officers who landed, was a Captain Casse, apparently a very fine

young man. He spoke English beautifully, having been in New York (where his father is at present) till he was fifteen.

At 3½ P.M. we continued our route. This evening Du Gernon and myself were unwittingly the cause of raising a slight revolutionary spirit among some of the French soldiers. We got them to sing the Marseillaise, which, after they had been singing for some time, was foolishly put a stop to by one or two of the French officers. This interference raised quite a rebellious spirit amongst them, whereas, if they had been allowed to finish their song, they would have thought nothing more of it. They all talked to Du Gernon a long time, and he managed, after a while, to make them discuss other subjects, and it rather astonished him to find them asking questions about some of our statesmen, such as Aberdeen, Palmerston, and Clarendon.

I was very much vexed to-day not to be able, after searching for it myself, for two hours in the hold, to find my portmanteau, into which I had put a couple of parcels for Colonel Cobbe, commanding 4th Regiment, given to me by Boustead, and which I of course wished to send on shore to Colonel Cobbe. I put them into the portmanteau thinking they would be safer

there than anywhere else, as it (the portmanteau) was part of my registered baggage. We left Gallipoli about 3½ P.M.

Tuesday, August 1st.—On getting on deck a little before seven o'clock this morning found we were arriving in sight of Stamboul, which, as it gradually opened to our view, was certainly a glorious sight, with its numerous domes and innumerable minarets, though the effect was somewhat spoiled when we brought our telescopes to bear on the different buildings, drawing them near enough to our view to discover their dirty, muddy, plattery, and whitewashy appearance. Seen in detail, Constantinople seemed to me one of the most wretched looking cities conceivable; but viewed in a mass, it is perhaps one of the most splendid, and almost entrancing sights in existence. At 8 o'clock we were anchored in the entrance of the Golden Horn, and very soon afterwards obtained permission to land. I remained on board until past 10½ to get my baggage, but found the Registered portmanteau still missing. I cannot say how this vexed me, for besides the parcels for Gélebel Cobée, all my papers and letters of introduction*, were in the portmanteau, and, with

* Including his pecuniary arrangements. — E. R.

out them I felt myself almost friendless and very miserable. Feeling that without letters of introduction I could do nothing but spend money in Constantinople, I determined to go on to Varna, leaving Constantinople to be seen on my return to England, if I should be spared to return. As we left Constantinople at noon I had only time to go on shore for a few moments and saw nothing. Soon after 12 o'clock we were steaming up the Bosphorus, passed the Simla at anchor, with the 4th Light Dragoons on board. From the men of the 4th we received three times three as hearty English cheers as strong lungs could give. They were responded to very feebly by the French; but the English party returned the cheers in good style. The Sultan's new palace is certainly a chaste looking and elegant building, and the city on each side of the vast stream looked indeed fairy-like, as long as the naked eye alone was directed towards it. Neither could anything exceed the beauties of scenery the whole way up the stream, enhanced as they were by the numerous ships of war anchored in different parts of it. About 4½ P.M. we left these beauties and entered the Black Sea, where we were favoured with a strong breeze, which made the

“Caire” dip her nose in the briny water deeper and oftener than she had done before. The consequence was that more than one passenger could not enjoy his dinner. We soon all but lost sight of land after our entrance into the Black Sea, and nothing of interest was to be seen. At Constantinople Mr. H. left us, and seemed highly delighted to get out of the “pestilential ship,” as he designated the “Caire,” for he was out of it ten minutes after we received permission to land.

Wednesday, August 2nd.—Soon after getting up at $6\frac{1}{2}$ o’clock this morning, a cheer attracted my attention, and on looking out of the port of my cabin I saw the Simla passing us in fine style. At a little before 8 o’clock we anchored in the bay of Varna, and were expected to leave the ship without breakfast. This treatment, however, we would not submit to, and insisted upon having breakfast on board, which was accordingly prepared; but payment, $1\frac{1}{2}$ franc, was asked and given. After breakfast Power and Carpenter went on shore to see about lodgings, &c., and the remainder of us, by agreement, staid on board till their return, the time being occupied in writing to friends in England. At about $12\frac{1}{2}$ o’clock they returned

with a terrible account of affairs at Varna. No private quarters to be had, and even quarters for Government officers difficult to be procured. Everything in the greatest state of confusion, and everybody disgusted with the place and their work—cholera carrying off people right and left. After going on shore, and remaining half an hour down on the quay seeing our baggage landed, some of us went to look for quarters, to obtain which cost us three hours trudging from one place to another. Mr. Carpenter, after a great deal of trouble, managed to get me a corner of a room in the quarters of three Commissariat officers, named Routh, Hawkins, and Williams; the house, a precious abode, belongs to Omer Pacha. Carpenter likewise took up his quarters there, as did also Power and a Mr. Drake, who had arrived at Varna that day or the day before. In all my life I never saw such a dusty, filthy, tumble-down place as Varna. Most of the villages and all the pettahs of the towns of Ceylon, though dirty enough, are beautifully clean in comparison with this filthy hole. I never enjoyed beer more than I did three or four glasses I had at dinner this evening. My bed this night was my cloak spread on the floor, my railway rug as a coverlet, my knapsack as a

pillow, and innumerable fleas as bed companions. Notwithstanding these discomforts, as I confess I thought them, I think I should have slept pretty soundly, as I was very tired, but the loss of my portmanteau (which, after a thorough search could not be found), and the thoughts that I should not be able to get on with my pay, made me feel very miserable, and very much regret that I had ever come out on such a wild goose chase, as it appeared to me. However, now I have ventured into the stream I cannot, and would not if I could, turn back. About one o'clock I managed to get into a kind of sleep, and should have dreamed miserable dreams, but that I seldom or never dream.

Thursday, August 3rd.—At 5 o'clock this morning I was up and wandering about the ramparts of Varna, to find an exit leading to the sea shore. After an hour's walking, I found a gateway, and in a few minutes was enjoying a swim. After breakfast, went to the Commissariat and Post Office, at which latter place I met William Braybrooke, 95th Regiment; and after going about the town !! with him for a couple of hours, arranged to go out to the camp the next day, when he promised to come in for me. Carpenter kindly endea-

voured to get some one to cash a bill on Boustead for me, but could not succeed, as almost every one had remitted the money they had to send to England.

Friday, August 4th.—W. B. came in for me at 11 o'clock, and after purchasing a couple of penies, and some other things, I packed up my traps, and about 4 P.M. we were on our way to Kootenjie, about 17 miles from Varna, where the 95th, with the 30th, 55th, and some artillery, forming the 1st brigade of the 2nd division, are encamped. We reached the encampment at a little before 8 o'clock, and dined in Wing's tent. Wing looked very well indeed, but somewhat older than when he left Ceylon. Dowdall shewed his comical face very soon after my arrival. He is looking very old indeed. I slept in his tent. I had to thank Carpenter for the loan of £4. and Power of £5. to-day. I do not know how I should have got on without this assistance.

Saturday, August 5th.—I cannot say how much I admired the country between Varna and this; the part I went through during a ride I took this afternoon delighted me still more; the scenery is very beautiful: extensive plains, surrounded by gracefully formed moun-

tains, which are covered with verdure to their very summits. The trees are, however, very stunted, not a fine one being visible on plain or mountain. The plains appear surprisingly rich : grain of every description grows well in ground carelessly ploughed, (the plough not entering the ground six inches) without manure, and the seed merely thrown down. On our way home, (W. B. and young Bazalgette accompanied me,) we passed through a Bulgarian village, of the Greek Church, where we procured a dozen eggs each :—the people generally appeared very civil. The men are evidently strong and healthy, being thickset ; and all those I saw, of a middling height. The women, all except one, were plain : the hair, both of men and women, was of an ugly dusty-looking brown ; that of the women, short and scanty, and of the men rough and lanky. I was to-day introduced to several officers of the 195th : Polhill, Morgan, Carmichael, Boothby, Kingsley, and Brown. Dr. Gordon I was introduced to yesterday, and Garrard I met with W. B., when I first saw him at Varna.

Sunday, August 6th. — Not spent as it should have been. Sat down to write up my journal, and intended commencing a letter to

my mother ; but continual interruptions prevented me, and I only managed to write up a couple of days' occurrences. Divine service for the men was held at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 o'clock. I did not attend, as I was not dressed. The cholera is committing sad ravages among the different divisions of French and English in and about Varna. The officers and men seem very tired of doing nothing, and are burning to be at something ; their wishes, in this respect, appear likely soon to be met rather warmly, as there is undoubtedly something in the wind, for an extraordinary quantity of munitions of war are being shipped, and Commissariat officers are being detailed for a secret expedition, the destination of which every one supposes to be Sebastopol, which some say is no longer a secret ; that the 16th is to be the day of embarkation ; that Sir G. Brown, who was sent up to inspect and report upon the stronghold, declares its reduction feasible in ten or twelve days ; and a Colonel of Artillery, named Cator, who accompanied Sir G. Brown, pronounces its supposed strength, "a monstrous humbug." This gallant officer is said to have landed in the Crimea, and inspected the fortifications of Sebastopol from behind a *mule* ; "very like a whale," I should say,

considering that the Russians must have outposts around the place, and that they do not appear to be asleep; for a short time ago, a couple of Turkish vessels were seized, their crews taken prisoners, and the vessels burned by a Russian war steamer, under French colours, in sight of the English steamers cruising off Sebastopol; and although chase was given, the Russian managed to get into the harbour unharmed. There is another report current, that a body of Zouaves, belonging to the French division in the Dobrudzha, have had an encounter with some Russian troops, and after beating them soundly, had followed them for 20 miles, and had returned the same day to their encampment, having been unable to come up with the enemy again.

Monday, August 7th.—I was up at an early hour, and went to see the 1st Brigade of the 2nd Division drill under Brigadier Pennefather. They did their work very well. All three regiments are nice looking corps; but I must say, I think the 95th the finest of them. The light company is composed of the finest looking men for work and activity one would wish to meet with in any regiment.

It matters not in what clime or country

Englishmen assemble, but they are sure to retain that inherent love of sport and manly exercises, which distinguish them from almost every nation on the face of the globe. This evening there was some good racing, running, jumping, &c. among the men of the Brigade, for prizes raised by subscription among the officers. Something of the kind is greatly required to break the monotony of the life the men are at present leading, and their exceedingly good conduct deserves this encouragement on the part of the officers. It tells well for the discipline of the British army, that such a body of men (between 40 and 50,000) should have been assembled together for upwards of four months, without the commission of a single serious crime.

Tuesday, August 8th.—At an early hour this morning started for Varna, and was much more pleased with the scenery going in, than coming out; for I had only to look forward as it lay before me, descending as I did from the high ground instead of having to look back, as our elevation enabled us to look down upon the beauties we were leaving behind us. I met a good many of the Bulgarian peasantry on my way in; they are certainly a fine-looking set of

men, of middling stature, sturdily made, with brawny arms and legs. Their dress though not very pretty, is somewhat picturesque; it is made of brown wool spun into coarse yarn, and woven into a thick open horse-hair-like looking texture. The trowsers are wide and baggy, being tied up tight from the calves down to the ankles, or drawn, Turkish fashion, close under the knee, in which case leggings are worn. The jacket, underneath which they wear a kind of half shirt, half waistcoat vesture, of coarse white cotton, roughly embroidered with blue braid, is made loose and wide in every part, of the same brown woollen material above spoken of, slightly embroidered, the sleeves being open in front, from the elbow down. They are crowned with a skull cap made of brown sheep skin.

A servant, who is supposed to share his services between Garrard, W. B. and self, was to have met me outside the gate of Varna, but the gentleman was not there, and although I looked for him in every direction, and returned twice to the place where he ought to have been, I could not find him, and was, in consequence, three times as long as I should have been in executing a number of commissions I had undertaken, and should not have known how to

send the things out to Kostenjie, had not Power kindly permitted me to put them on two commissariat carts he was taking out to the second Brigade, second Division, to which he had been posted. I left Varna with him at 3½ P.M. and did not reach the second Brigade until near 8 o'clock; half an hour afterwards the baggage came up, and I then stuffed a few of the kettles, pots, and pans I had purchased into a pair of saddle bags, took a bucket full of tea, part of my purchases in Varna, in my hand, and continued my journey to the first Brigade, about 2½ miles farther. I had some difficulty in finding my way, and could only go at a snail's pace on account of my load. Although it was a beautiful moonlight night, I did not much enjoy my solitary ride. I cannot say how shocked I was to-day to hear from Power on my arrival in Varna, that poor Du Bourdien who joined the third Division the day I came out to the 95th, was attacked with cholera the next day, and died. Poor fellow! how short has been his career out here. How true it is that the best are always taken first. He was a very nice, and I am sure in the main, a very good young man. Anderson, another of the constabulary officers who came out with me, I

finishing a letter to my cousin, the Doctor. Intended calling on the Colonel of the 95th, but found him either asleep, or engaged every time I attempted to carry out my intention. Having time and space, I may as well here record an anecdote related to me by Boothby, of the 95th, who was one of a party of four officers of that regiment who went up to Rustchuck, and crossed over from thence to Giurgivo. The difference of the two towns, struck them all most forcibly. The one (Rustchuck) a tumble-down filthy place, without an hotel, or anything approaching a decent house in it; and the other, Giurgivo, a really civilized looking town, boasting of a decent hotel, billiard room, and very good houses. Ices and other luxuries were to be had in profusion. I am, however, forgetting the anecdote. On their way to Rustchuck, these officers stopped for a night at a small village near Rasgrad, and took up their lodgings in the house of a Bulgarian, belonging to the Greek Church. A Turkish officer whom they had fallen in with being their guide. The 95th officers were disgusted with the manner in which the Turk ordered the owner of the house and his wife (two very old people) about, making them bring him whatever he required.

In the morning, when they were going away, the 95th officers paid the Bulgarian liberally for what they had received, but perceived that in taking the money, the poor man looked in rather a frightened manner towards the Turk, who, they felt convinced, intended to deprive the Bulgarian of part, or all of the money they had given him ; and so it turned out, for seeing the man afterwards looking distressed, they, through a servant they had with them, insisted (for the servant evidently wished to screen the Turk) on knowing what was the matter, when the Bulgarian informed them that the Turk had taken the money they had given him (the Bulgarian) ; they immediately called the Turk, made him disgorge the money, which he did not deny having taken, and Carmichael, one of the officers, boxed the villain's ears soundly ; so soundly, that the other officers say the Turk's head tumbled about as if it did not belong to his miserable carcase ; Carmichael finished by giving the despicable brute a kick where a man of honour would feel it most, but where, perhaps, the Turkish rascal being by nature pretty well padded, felt it less than he would have done anywhere else. To this treatment (which no one will gainsay he richly deserved) the Turk quietly submitted,

and was only too glad when he was able to run away, jump on his horse, and gallop off. Such is one of the race which governs as noble a looking country as there is on the surface of the globe, almost. It makes an Englishman's heart burn with pride to think that his countrymen, regardless of danger and having right on their side, are ever ready to take the part of the oppressed against tyranny and injustice. How did these four solitary Englishmen know but that the Turk had it in his power to collect some dozen or two of his countrymen to resent the insult offered him; but it would be beneath an Englishman to consider such matters when the oppressed are to be protected. I am afraid, from all I can gather, that the popular belief relative to the Wallachians and Moldavians preferring the Turks to the Russians as rulers, is a fallacy; for while Giurgivo was in possession of the Russians trade and everything went on quietly and prosperously; whereas, when they retired, the shopkeepers and tradespeople of every description retired with them. The peasantry, too, I understand, do not disguise that they would much prefer the Russian to the Turkish rule.

Friday, August 11th.—Did not leave the

camp to-day, except to look on at a short parade close in front of it, of the brigade in light marching order; the regiments moved well. A movement was performed which I never saw before: The regiments from line of contiguous quarter distance double column of subdivisions, were ordered to deploy into line—the centre regiment on the two centre subdivisions, the right flank regiment on the left subdivision of the light company, and the left flank regiment, on the right subdivision of the grenadiers.

A report was brought out to-day that Varna had been burned down.

Saturday, August 12th.—W. B., Bazalgette, and I rode into Varna to-day, and found that although only about a fifth of Varna had been burned, it was the most important part (where all the shops are) which had suffered. The French Commissariat had suffered a great deal, and ours had lost all the barley and a great part of the biscuit in store. The fire is supposed to have originated in a spirit store by the accidental ignition of some spirits, though there is a report that it was the work of incendiaries, •Greeks in the pay of Russia, some of whom have been taken up on suspicion. The French soldiers and English sailors and marines worked

well during the commencement of the fire, but plundered to a frightful extent after a time. The men of the 38th Regiment, who were the only English troops there, I believe, behaved very well indeed, working as Englishmen always do ; and, be it said to their credit, abstaining from following the bad example set them by the French soldiers and English seamen and marines.

I cannot say how grieved and shocked I was on calling on Brew to find him ill with diarrhœa on his bed on the floor ; his eyes had a death-like glassy appearance, which made me think that he would never recover. Carpenter came in soon after me, and called me out to inform me that Anderson was lying dead in the next room, having died that morning. Poor fellow, I hardly thought when I last saw him that he would so soon be called away. He seems to have given way the moment he was attacked, instead of fighting against his illness. How sad and melancholy it is to see and hear of young men in the heyday of life carried away in such manner. The cholera is still committing sad havock amongst the troops. The English regiments are losing men by twos, threes, and fours a day. The French in and about Varna carry their

dead comrades to the burial ground by araba loads (small carts which would hold four or five corpses each.) The medical men seem to say that the fire in Varna may have the effect of removing the disease.

I called on Colonel Dickson of the artillery just before leaving Varna, and introduced myself; Colonel Williams having given me a letter of introduction to him, which letter shared the same fate as the rest, being, I suppose, safe in my missing portmanteau. Colonel Dickson was very kind in his manner, and will, I have no doubt, assist me in seeing what is to be done in the way of fighting. He informed us (for W. B. called with me) that the Russians had evacuated Bucharest and were fast retiring from the Principalities—not, I should think, from fear of the Turks, but from knowing well that they could not winter in a country which has had to support so many thousands of troops for so long a time, and which must, consequently, be impoverished.

The French Division in the Dobrudzha is said to be suffering fearfully from cholera and other diseases, having, on a march of 30 or 40 miles from Kostenje, after the Russians and back again, lost upwards of 2000 men out of about

6000, which was the strength of the division. The report is that the whole division, composed chiefly of Zouaves, are in a terrible state of disorganization, and will not remain in the Do-brudscha, but are leaving it by ones and twos without leave.

Sunday, August 13th.—Another Sunday spent without prayer or meditation, except thoughts of, and good wishes for, those dear ones far away. A day does not however pass without such thoughts—God bless them all!!! I rode over this afternoon with Dowdall and W. B. to the first Division (three Battalions of Guards and the Highland Brigade, 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders); the 79th lost their Colonel the other day, and heard yesterday of the death at Gallipoli of their senior Major, who was on his way to England. That regiment has also been losing many men from cholera, &c. An officer of the Coldstream Guards, named Tierney, who went into Varna yesterday to see an officer of his regiment off to England, has been missing since, his horse having come in riderless. It is supposed he has been murdered, and parties have been sent out in search of him, or of information relative to the poor fellow.

Orders, it appears, are out for the removal of

the First and Light Divisions towards Varna. Something is therefore evidently about to be done. Everybody, however, thinks the move is to be in the wrong direction, down towards Constantinople, instead of up towards Sebastopol. The general belief is, that nothing will be done this year. There is evidently a want of unanimity between the English and French commanders; for it appears that Marshal St. Arnaud did not inform Lord Raglan of the intended dispatch of a division of the French army to the Dobrudscha until the day before they sailed. The Marshal wanted, it would seem, to prevent the English sharing in the honour of cutting off the Russian rear-guard, which was the object of the expedition. The Marshal's deception, and want of open, straightforward dealing, has recoiled on himself; although the French did, as reported, beat the few Russians they came across, they failed in the object of the expedition, and succeeded only in decimating and disorganizing their finest division.

Monday, August 14th.—I was rather unwell to-day; so remained in camp and commenced a letter to my mother; Charlton came in about

5 P.M. and paid me a long visit, talking about Ceylon and its inhabitants.

It is said that the first Division cannot comply with the order to move towards Varna, as they have 800 in hospital, whom it is impossible to move. I am afraid they are likely to be worse before they are better, and they will find it more difficult to move a fortnight hence, than they would do if they were to attempt it now.

Tuesday, August 15th.—I remained in camp all this day, which I spent in continuing my letter to my mother, and reading parts of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*; no reports of any kind stirring, except that the French infantry are said to be selling off all their extra horses and baggage animals, which looks as if a movement of some kind were intended—“*Nous verrons.*”

Wednesday, August 16th.—Finished my letter to my mother, for which purpose I remained in camp all day. I heard that the officer of the Guards, Tierney, who was supposed to have been murdered, had been thrown from his pony, lost himself in the woods; wandered about until he found himself at the second brigade of the second Division, from whence he was the following morning, directed on his way to the

Guards' encampment, in attempting to reach which, he again lost himself, and again wandered to the second brigade of the second Division, from whence he was this time sent "in charge of a steady non-commissioned officer."

Thursday, August 17th.—Rode into Varna with W. B. to-day, chiefly to inquire about my missing portmanteau, relative to which I could learn nothing, but met with great civility at the French consul's office. Called on Colonel Dickson, but did not find him at home, although I went to his house twice. There is evidently something going on, for, by all accounts, great preparations are being made for a move of a warlike nature somewhere. Sebastopol, Anapa, or Odessa are no doubt to be attacked. Everybody says, because everybody wishes it, that Sebastopol is the object of these preparations. Heard that Brew had gone down the Bosphorus for the benefit of his health.

A hot ride in, and a hot ride out, are all I have to record of the journey ; coming out, we overtook a young engineer officer who came on with us.

Friday, August 18th.—Wrote a letter to the postmaster-general at Malta, inclosing one to my mother, which I begged him to forward, as

I knew of no other way of doing so. Also wrote a long and hurried letter to Mrs. Wright. Meditated long about making an application for an appointment in any of the Turkish corps, which, according to Lord John Russell's speech, published in the Times of 25th July, are to be taken into British pay, and which, I presume, will be officered by British officers, otherwise they will comparatively be of little use. Holding as I do, a good appointment, and being in a good position in the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, both of which I should have to relinquish to obtain an appointment in one of these Turkish corps, a great deal of consideration is required before making any such application. If appointed to such corps, I should of course wish to derive some benefit, if not pecuniary, still professional, as regards rank, to compensate for the comforts I should relinquish, for a life of temporary if not permanent exile from my country, friends, and relations. Had I had my testimonials by me, I think I should have made my application, and sent it through J. Boustead for Sir John Wilson's consideration, who might withhold or forward it, as he thought fit; but an application without annexing copy of those testimonials I feared would

have little chance of obtaining anything worth having, so I determined not to make it for the present. I cannot say I wish the French company "des Messageries Imperiales" any good wish, when I think of my missing portmanteau, the loss of which has caused me so much annoyance and inconvenience. I should like to go up to the Danube, and see something of the Turkish soldiers, and, if possible, have a little conversation with Captain Simmons and Colonel Beatson before I make application for an appointment in any Turkish corps. The few Turkish soldiers I have seen, both infantry and cavalry, seem stout and able-bodied men, but infamously armed and miserably clad; the latter mounted on wretched rats of horses. It appears to me, if properly and regularly paid, well-armed and decently clad, they would, officered by British officers, become a useful and efficient set of men.

Saturday, August 19th.—Practised a little German, by translating a part of my journal, which I shall now do daily. Staid in camp all day, and read some of the latest "Times." Purchased a great coat at the sale of a Major MacCaskill, 55th regiment. The weather today was insufferably hot, indications of ap-

proaching rain, which the gathering of some heavy and dark clouds towards sunset seemed to intend confirming; they, however, dispersed without coming down, postponing, I suppose, the down-pour a few days, when it intends coming all the heavier.

Sunday, August 20th.—Decided after all on making an application for an appointment in one of the Turkish corps. Accordingly wrote drafts of application and letters to Lord Stanley, Mr. Hawes and J. Boustead. Took a ride to Ker-lonecha, where we procured some necessaries for the mess. I only wish I had come on here from Alexandria direct instead of going to England from Ceylon, I should have then, most likely, taken part in the defence of Siliestria; or, even if I had left England a month sooner, instead of wasting my time waiting to see what the big-wigs would do for me, I should, in all probability, have seen some little service on the Danube, where it is now too late to see anything like fighting; and which river, I am afraid, I shall not reach this year, as they say the rains will soon come on, and render the roads, or rather the tracks, impassable; and I do not like leaving this while there is a chance of the army going towards Sebastopol, Anapa, or Odessa, to.

one of which places there has been a talk of going ever since I have been here, and which they now say there is no doubt about. This report, the preparations going on seem to justify. All say, as all wish, that Sebastopol is the destination of the expedition. Besides the expectation of being able to see service with the British army, if I remain here, I do not like leaving this until I get my portmanteau. Oh, my portmanteau ! which has been a greater source of anxiety to me than the "black leather trunk" was to the travelling female of Mr. A. Smith's acquaintance. I cannot say I have found any great hardships or privations to be undergone as yet in camp life ; but having been always able to get provision, &c. having had no moving about, and having had beautifully fine weather, though at times very warm, I have only seen the "sunny side" of campaigning ; but even under these favourable circumstances, grumblers are to be found. I do not know what these worthies would do with wet weather, continual moves, scanty provisions, and unable to cook those properly. I am, however, happy to say I am no grumbler, and could bear such inconveniences as well as most others, I think.

Monday, August 21st.—Wrote out fair copies

of my application for appointment to a Turkish corps, and letters to Lord Stanley, Mr. Hawes, &c. Heavy rain in the afternoon prevented W. B. and self going out for a ride. The weather is much colder, with a good deal of wind; heavy clouds hanging about all day, and every indication of the rainy season coming on. The ground on which the 1st Brigade of the 2nd Division are encamped is very disagreeable after rain, becoming a nasty slimy mud, which forms a thick cake on one's shoes, which it is almost impossible to get off. The rain cleared off towards evening, and enabled dinner to be cooked.

Tuesday, August 22nd.—A ride with Bazalgette to the 2nd Brigade of 2nd Division, to purchase some stores for the mess; and a canter over to the tank for a bathe, which we accomplished, but got more than we bargained for in the shape of a good drenching on our return —passed this day. Before we left the place where we bathed the rain came on, and we took shelter in a mill for an hour, hoping it would pass over, which it did not. Here we got a feed for our ponies, and occupied our time in picking up a few Turkish words. The people were very civil, *after* we had paid them twice as much as

we ought to have done, for the feed for our ponies.

Wednesday, August 23rd.—Remained in camp all day, writing my journal, and translating part into German. Dined with Bazalgette and Dowdall. After dinner, shewed Dowdall my application for appointment in a Turkish corps. He objected to the conclusion, asking for a step of rank, in the manner I did, and promises to redraft my letter. Wing and Dr. Ferguson coming into the tent prevented his doing so until a late hour, 12 o'clock, when he came into my tent, and redrafted it not quite to my liking. I shall, however, take a hint or two from his, and alter my application, which will not now go until next mail, that is five or six days hence. Under any circumstances, I should not have sent the application this mail; for I last night received a note from the agency of the "Messageries Imperiales," stating that my missing portmanteau had arrived at Constantinople; I can, therefore, now annex copies of my testimonials, without giving Boustead the trouble of getting them from Mr. Hawes. I told Dowdall immediately after dinner, I wanted very much to go to Sebastopol, and should like to be attached to a regiment; but did not like asking

for it, as I knew Colonels of corps had very often an objection to having officers of other regiments attached to theirs. Dowdall said he did not think that Colonel Smith would have the slightest objection to my being attached to the 95th, and if I liked, he would go and ask him at once; this he did, and much to my delight, brought back word that Colonel Smith would be very happy to have me attached to the regiment. I determined, therefore, if I could get nothing else, to ask to be attached to the 95th; in fact, I would hardly wish for anything better.

Thursday, August 24th.—Rode into Varna, saw Colonel Dickson, who did not give me much encouragement, with regard to accompanying the army to Sebastopol. He did not think Lord Raglan would permit me to go as a volunteer; although, as I told him, Colonel Webber Smith, 95th, had kindly said he would have no objection to have me attached to his corps. Colonel Dickson told me Colonel Williams had been in Varna for a day only, and had then returned to Constantinople, from whence he goes to Kars in Asia. Informed me also that the Turks in Asia had been beaten by the Russians in a severe engagement, wherein the former had lost 6000

men. Made a few purchases in Varna; and inquired after my portmanteau, which not having been sent on, I intend, if possible, going down to Constantinople. On my way out, called at Maclise's, where we cracked a bottle of champagne, and I thoroughly enjoyed a bowl of soup. Bid good-bye to Maclise at 3 P.M., and started for the camp, which, after the most tedious ride I ever had in my life, being only able to go at a snail's space, and having twice wandered out of my way, making my ride three or four miles longer than I need have done, I reached, at 8 o'clock. A couple of glasses of champagne, a little tongue, and a short chat with Eddington, and then I turned in.

Friday, August 25th.—Decided upon going into Varna: first, to present an application to Colonel Steele, Military Secretary, to be permitted to serve with the 95th regiment, and then to arrange about going to Constantinople.

After seeing Colonel Smith, and thanking him for his kindness in making no objection to my applying to be attached to the 95th regiment, I went with Dowdall to General Pennefather, to ask him if he would have any objection to the *application* being made; he said he did not think any one was justified in stating whether

he had objection to my being attached to any particular brigade or regiment, and that of course, if Lord Raglan chose to order the thing, there was an end of it. Charlton very kindly lent me £10, to enable me to get down to Constantinople.

At 12½ o'clock I was on my way into Varna, which I reached at 3 P.M. without adventure. Put myself and horse up at Routh's and Carpenter's domicile. Called on Colonel Dickson three or four times before finding him at home. He approved of my application.

Saturday, August 26th.—About 10 A.M. called on Colonel Steele with my application. He *of course received me very coldly*, told me he would submit my application (which he did not read whilst I was there) to Lord Raglan, who he said set his face against all such, and he feared, therefore, his Lordship would not accede to my request. I should, however, have an answer. After returning to Routh's, redrafted my application for appointment to a Turkish Corps.

About 5½ P.M. took my passage in one of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers to Constantinople, paying £2 11s 3d, a trifle cheaper than the French Company's charge, which is £3. Saw Brew to-day; he had been sent down to Constantinople very ill, and after recovery from a

very severe attack of cholera, returned to Varna. He was still looking far from well, but very different from the man I saw lying upon the floor, as I fancied with death marked in his eyes. I dined with him at the Officers' Club, as dirty a dinner as ever I had in my life—it does not however do to be too particular here, or one would starve. After dinner got my traps from Routh's, bid good-bye to them, and came on board the steamer "Vorwärts," where I am now writing.

To-day I saw a pretty specimen of French discipline. A French officer was confining a Zouave to the guard room, which it took some time to effect, and during the whole of that time the Zouave was addressing the officer in the most insubordinate manner, and, if not black-guarding him, still disputing his right to arrest him, and this too when surrounded by French soldiers, who quietly listened to all. Had such a case occurred among English soldiers, the culprit would, without much ado, have been taken neck and crop, and bundled into the guard room, where if he had not held his tongue he would have been comforted by being placed in a pair of stocks.

Sunday, August 27th.—After passing a pretty comfortable night on board the "Vorwärts," got

up about $7\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock ; continued letter to Boustead, but did not manage to write much before breakfast was announced. A very decent meal it was ; the cookery not quite so greasy as the French, and more to my liking. I took up an unimportant book of travels in Austria, to while away a couple of hours after breakfast, when I intended, as the first mate had told me the vessel would not leave until 2 or 3 P.M., going on shore to see if any answer had been sent to my application to be attached to the 95th Regiment, but on going up at 12, and asking if I might go on shore for an hour, I was informed the vessel would be off in half an hour, which was the case, and nicely she glided through a vast number of English transports, and past not a few noble ships of war of all descriptions, French, English, and Turkish. I tried to continue my letter, but instead of saving myself the trouble of having to finish it at Constantinople, where I should have other things to do, I found the tremulous motion of the steamer not only prevented my writing, but caused me to make such a mess of what I had already written, that I shall have to re-copy it at Constantinople. I passed the evening in reading Ida Pfeiffer's travels in the Holy Land, Egypt,

and Italy. I was much pleased with what I was able to get through.

Monday, August 28th.—I was agreeably surprised on getting up on deck at $7\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, to find that we were within half an hour's steaming of the entrance of the Bosphorus, which, had we not had a very strong wind in our favour, we should not have reached until noon. I was as much delighted with my voyage down as I was with my trip up the lovely channel, but Constantinople, though still beautiful, very beautiful, does not present so enchanting a scene on approaching it from the Black Sea, as it does when it gradually expands itself to the view on coming upon it from the Sea of Marmora. The "city of cities," composed of its different picturesque towns built on several hills, does not blend so much into that one "harmonious whole" which so delighted Madame Pfeiffer on coming down upon it from the north. At 9 o'clock we were anchored in the entrance of the Golden Horn, and I was soon after, under the guidance of a young man from the Hotel du Byzance (which I had been recommended to go to) on shore at the office of the "Messageries Imperiales," and from thence down to the Custom House, where, on handing

over an order from the agents of the “Messageries Imperiales,” or more properly speaking, a receipt from myself, I received my long-missing portmanteau, which I was permitted to take away without examination, *on paying six-pence to the Custom House officer*. My portmanteau was all right, but a leather strap which had been round it was “non est inventus.” From the Custom House to the Hotel de Byzance took me twenty minutes to walk.

Before dressing I sat down to breakfast, and enjoyed some grapes, indifferent though they were. After titivating myself, went out to seek for Colonel Williams, and with the assistance of my young guide, soon found out where he lived, but he was from home. He had gone to Therapia. Left my card for him, and a Lieutenant Glascock, with whom Colonel Williams is living, and for whom also I left a letter of introduction, given to me by Colonel W—. A walk about the town, where I made a few purchases; a stroll to the Post Office, a trudge to the top of the Tower of Galatta, from whence the view is certainly very fairy-like and magnificent in the extreme, and then back to the Hotel, where my whole afternoon was occupied

in making a fair copy of my application for appointment to a Turkish corps, and the testimonials thereto annexed, as also in finishing my letter to J. Boustead. Table d'hôte was at 7 o'clock, and a very good dinner in every respect was placed on the table. I retired to bed early.

Tuesday, August 29th.—About $9\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock called on Colonel Williams, who received me very kindly—advised me not to waste my time by going up to Therapia to see the Ambassador, as I should certainly lose a day, and perhaps not see him after all, besides which, Lord Stratford, he said, could do nothing for me. Colonel Williams therefore recommended me to return to Varna as soon as possible, and kindly gave me a note to Captain Borlose, R.N. whom he asked to get me a passage up. With this I had to go to the Admiralty Office, where I heard that Captain Borlose had gone up to Varna. I left the note for the Admiral's Secretary's perusal, and promised to call again. My steps were then directed to Scutari, or rather to a caique, in which I embarked for the Asiatic shore to call on Captain Vialls, and make inquiries about some things for Wing and W. B. The barracks in which the English soldiers are

lodged, is certainly a fine building, and the arrangements for the accommodation of the men seemed in many respects excellent, but filthy in the extreme, and alive with company in the shape of fleas. Some shirts and stocks purchased for Wing, a second call at the Admiralty Office, in the hope of finding the Admiral's Secretary in, but in this disappointed. So after a decent luncheon on bread and cheese, and a glass of beer, went again with my guide to the Admiral's Secretary—not in, and would not be at home until about six o'clock; so took a stroll about the town to while away the hour and a half which it still wanted to six. On calling at the Admiral's a third time, found his Secretary in, and with him Captains Gloster, 38th, and Purcell, 50th, on the same mission as I had come; he of course guessed my object, and without many inquiries, or any reference to Colonel Williams's note, included my name with the two other officers for a passage in the Simla. This little piece of business being accomplished, I returned to the Hotel, and after a good dinner, took a stroll to the Jardin des Fleurs, the beauties of which did not particularly strike me: nor did the music, a drum and clarinet with a couple of violins, enchant me, so

after discussing an ice and treating my guide to a glass of cognac and water, I continued my stroll about the city for an hour, then returned to the Hotel, packed up traps, settled accounts, and about 11 P.M. went on board the "Simla."

Wednesday, August 30th.—The best part of the day spent in reading German. At $4\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. just after we had sat down to dinner, we were disturbed, and somewhat startled by a cry of "Fire." We all rushed on deck, and were not long in discovering that a fire had broken out on the lower deck, forward. In a wonderfully short time the hoses were laid and the pumps were at work, sending oceans of water into the purser's store, whereto the fire had made its way, from the carpenter's work-shop. In a couple of hours, with the assistance of an engine from an Egyptian frigate, lying close by us, which was sent promptly, and the men belonging to which worked splendidly, the fire was extinguished with very little damage, except the destruction of about £200 worth of stores. When I went on board the Simla on Tuesday night, I fully expected she would sail at day-break the following morning, as Mr. Jaens had told me; but the *non-arrival of Government*

stores necessitated the postponement of her departure until Wednesday evening, and then the unfortunate occurrence of the fire breaking out, obliged us to remain till the following day.

Thursday, August 31st.—Stores did not arrive till late, and Simla's departure was again delayed until the evening, so I ran on shore (after a visit to the Fury) with a Captain Kane, of the Bombay Native Infantry, executed a few commissions *for myself*, and returned on board about 3 P.M. At 5 o'clock we were under weigh and steaming up the Bosphorus. The other passengers on board were Captain Dowker, 4th regiment, Purcell, 50th, Gloster, 38th, Lieutenant Unett, and an Army Contractor, 1st class, besides some fifty men of different regiments. The Purser and Doctor of the "Ripon," when I went from Alexandria to England in her in May last, I was surprised to meet on board the Simla.

The Simla is certainly a magnificent ship, and has the finest saloon I have as yet seen, though the Himalaya, they say, has a more magnificent one in every way. According to the Purser's account, the Simla is the fastest steamer afloat.

Friday, September 1st.—At 11 A.M. cast

anchor in Varna Bay, having just before passed the Cambria, with the 68th regiment on board, and the Avon, carrying the 63rd. After waiting some time in the vain hope of getting a boat from the shore, we were all sent on shore in one of the ship's boats. I had my traps conveyed to Brew's, having luckily met him near the post-office. While on my way to Brew's, I met Drake, of the Commissariat, and heard from him with delight, that I had been by general order attached to the 95th regiment. This good news was confirmed by a letter I received at the post-office, from W. B. After getting an omelette at a restaurant, for which choice diet, by-the-bye, I was charged *3s., and no more.* Hired a poney at Routh's, of one of their servants, and rode out to the 95th camp, about two miles out of Varna. Paid my respects to Colonel Smith, and then rode into Varna again to get my traps and call on Colonel Steele, Military Secretary. At $7\frac{1}{2}$, I was back for dinner; after which, I had a couple of hours packing up for an early march the next morning. I have been attached to Dowdall's company, I am happy to say.

Saturday, September 2nd.—At 5 A.M. the regiment started for the south side of Varna

Bay, which, after a march of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the last $1\frac{1}{2}$ across sand up to our knees almost, we reached at $6\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock. The Grenadier Company, with band, colours, colonel, and adjutant, embarked at once on board the "Pyrenees," the remaining companies were conveyed by a small steamer on board the "Inflexible," which steamed us off to Baltshick Bay, where we were distributed in five vessels, with artillery on board. Dowdall's Company was detailed to the "Maori," on reaching which, we could not help being well pleased with our quarters. While we were on board the "Inflexible," nothing could exceed the civility of the officers of that vessel. They asked us at once below, where we regaled ourselves on a splendid ham, or very good fish, as our tastes inclined us. Beer was flowing in abundance, and a supply of brandy and water was kept on the table until we left the vessel at about $3\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.

Sunday, September 3rd.—Spent quietly on board the "Maori." Dowdall read prayers to the men. Five or six steamers, French and English, and two or three transports came from Varna to-day, all crowded with troops. It is really an astonishing sight to behold the

number of noble men-of-war, and the vast fleet of transports assembled here and at Varna. It will indeed be a glorious sight to see them all assembled here, and a still more glorious one to behold them leaving this together. All previous expeditions will dwindle into insignificance, when compared with this vast one. I cannot say how happy I feel, to have been able to see and to take the insignificant part I am about to do in so noble an expedition.

Monday, September 4th. — An idled-away day. Three more steamers and three or four more transports in from Varna. The principal agent of transports issued an order this afternoon, to "prepare for sea." There must still be many steamers and sailing transports at Varna, which will, I presume, be up to-morrow.

Tuesday, September 5th. — A great number of transports, both steamers and sailing vessels, came up from Varna to-day; and orders were issued to prepare for sea. So I suppose we shall be off to-morrow. I have omitted to state that the artillery officers on board the "Maori" are Captain Dew and Lieutenant Markham. We have also an Admiralty agent on board, named

Boyce, a quiet, gentlemanly old man, of about sixty. Dew is a good-looking young fellow ; but appears very ill, having lately had an attack of fever. Markham is a decent-looking young man ; appears good-tempered, and without that absurd conceit which many of his corps have. Dew, I fancy, has a temper of his own ; but being ill, poor fellow, it is hardly fair to judge of him by his present appearance.

Wednesday, September 6th.—Nothing done to-day, on the part of the English ; but signals were run up, calling for Agents and Masters of transports. The signals closed with, “ Prepare for sea to-morrow morning.” The French fleet got off yesterday evening, leaving only a number of small transports to come on with the English.

Thursday, September 7th.—At an early hour this morning, steamers were plying about, taking up their positions to tow their respective sailing transports ; and transports were being warped into their proper places. By 9 o’clock all steamers had the transports they had been told off to, in tow ; and before noon, all were formed in the following order, sailing towards the Crimea.

ENGLISH FLEET.

I cannot ascertain the number of vessels exactly, but I believe there are about 55 sailing transports and some 30 steamers. The strength of the combined fleets, I have also been unable to ascertain; so that the foregoing plan shows only the position, and not the number of vessels belonging to this vast expedition.

The wind is fair and the weather propitious, the vessels gliding along quietly and in pretty good order look beautiful. The number of splendid steamers all round makes one proud of belonging to a nation which can so easily, without inconvenience to its commerce, send such noble vessels on such a service and to such a distance from its own shores.

A game of whist was commenced this evening after tea. The old Admiralty agent, who was one of the party, remarked in the middle of the game, "Here we are, laughing and talking on indifferent subjects and playing at cards, little thinking of the mission we are on." How strange that such should be nature !!

Friday, September 8th.—The wind changed during the night and is now dead against us, but, being light, is of no consequence. They say it is just the wind we shall require, or rather that which will best suit us for landing. This afternoon we came up with the French fleet, under sail, most of them.

Saturday, September 9th.—This morning the fleet was very much scattered, the division we belong to being one of the hindmost. In the afternoon we came up with the remainder of the fleet of men of war and transports anchored at

what we of course suppose to be the place of rendezvous, 40 miles to the westward of Cape Tarkan, as indicated by signal just after we left Baljick Bay. It was a beautifully calm and splendid night, just the one on which to have landed had we been at our destination. The moon rose superbly and majestically over a bank of clouds, tinging them with a silver hue.

Sunday, September 10th.—Still at the place of rendezvous, and no move. We presume vessels (steamers) have been sent to reconnoitre before we make a swoop upon Sebastopol. I cannot say what pleasure the receipt of letters from my father, mother, Isabel, and Mrs. Layard gave me this afternoon. I spelt them over before dinner, and devoured them again after dinner. After tea I sat down and prolonged the postscript of a letter I had written to Mrs. L. acknowledging the receipt of her kind epistle, then continued a scrawl to my mother telling her of my pleasure.

Monday, September 11th.—At noon to-day the whole fleet left the place of rendezvous and steered towards Sebastopol. After being out an hour or so the directing ship signalled Eupatoria as the place of rendezvous.

There was hardly a breath of wind when we left, and the weather has been propitious indeed, though we have had a little rain during the night two or three times; the days have been beautifully fine.

Tuesday, September 12th.—The English ships were very much scattered, and the French ships not to be seen this morning when we arrived in sight of our place of rendezvous, in which, however, by 7 o'clock P.M. we had all assembled ready for forming the first thing on the following morning previously to our landing.

Wednesday, September 13th.—The first thing this morning was to get under weigh; so before breakfast we were steaming down further south, at no hurried pace, however. As some of our vessels were dilatory in getting under weigh the “Agamemnon” screw line of battle ship steamed past us in fine style, looking nobly, with the intention, evidently, of hurrying them up.

About noon we reached a good sized town, and entered a bay where we anchored and received an order, “Prepare to disembark artillery.” Our Captain fancied the town must be Eupatoria: *I* fancied it must be some place further south.

Towards $3\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock a flag of truce was sent on shore, both object and result were unknown to us. In an hour or two it returned, and we received the order, "Prepare to weigh during the night." So here we were a second time disappointed relative to landing; however, as we go down nearer our *object* every time, it is so much the better. A signal was made at 4 o'clock, "An opportunity for letters to England." I therefore closed my epistle to my mother and dispatched it, with a note to J. Boustead and a letter to Isabel, by Mr. Boyce, who went on board the principal agent's ship.

Thursday, September 14th.—About $2\frac{1}{2}$. A.M. the Second Division was ordered to weigh and continue their course for the south, the Light and First Divisions having preceded us by an hour or more. About 8 o'clock we were, most of us, anchored, without however much reference to order, in a bay named, I believe, Kalafat, some 20 miles to the south of Eupatoria, which *was* the name of the last place we stopped at, and which we took formal possession of, leaving two men of war in charge of it.

It was a great mistake not anchoring in proper order, for there appeared at first some con-

fusion and trouble on the part of the boats in finding the vessels they were told off to, and it was some time before any English landed, whilst some of the French were on shore in less than ten minutes after they had anchored. When we once commenced, however, the landing was effected in fine style, the men were regularly showered on shore. Small steamers (three or four) transported the infantry by regiments to within 20 yards of the shore, and also towed 12 or 13 boats containing 40 or 50 men each, which, after discharging their cargoes, were not long in emptying the steamers.

These steamers, with the boats in tow, kept coming in every half hour, besides which, ship's cutters and gigs were towing paddle-box and long boats full of men, so that they were streaming on shore, and the beach from one side of the bay to a ridge running down to the water's edge, about three quarters of a mile, was hardly long enough for the men to form on; nearly the whole of the infantry were landed the first day. Of course our landing was unopposed, through Sir George Brown, who landed first to look out for a fit place to disembark, being accompanied only by his A. D. C. was chased by three or

four Cossacks, and fired on just as he got to the man of war's boat he had come on shore in. Such is the report, which may or may not be true.

Although the French were certainly the first on shore, I fancy, from what we could see of their proceedings previously to our landing, that they are not quite so expeditious as ours. Dowdall's company landed about 2 o'clock, but had to wait about an hour and a half for the remainder of the regiment, or rather Brigade, for it was not until the first Brigade of the second Division had landed, that we marched some $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles inland, and were ordered to make ourselves comfortable for the night. The order was hardly issued before rain came down, not very heavily, but rather annoyingly. Most of the men wrapped themselves in blankets and great coats, and laid themselves under their arms to sleep, or attempt to do so. Some few constructed small tents of their blankets, and made themselves pretty snug beneath them. The officers wrapped themselves in their great coats, and those who were lucky enough to have them with their waterproof in addition. My great coat, which to use an Irishism, was

a very small one, was my only covering, for I had to share my railway wrapper with W. B. to lie on. It was showery the whole night, and sometimes came down hard, so that in a short time the legs of my trowsers, my boots, and socks were wet through; the upper part of my body was kept dry, thanks to my good *little* great coat. Notwithstanding this, I must say not over comfortable situation, I managed to sleep for a couple of hours, but was after that compelled to get up and warm my chilled limbs, by walking up and down. After a while, I joined a group round a fire, made of unthrashed barley straw, which the want of wood anywhere about compelled the men to use. Colonel Smith, Dr. Swinhoe, and Bazalgette were of the group.

Friday, September 15th.—All hailed daylight with joy, and a warm sun never cheered hearts more than the bright and glorious one which cast its really invigorating rays over the extensive undulating plain, on which the greater part of the British invading army was encamped, near a village called Torgle. It warmed our shivering limbs, and enabled us to dry our dripping clothes.

About 12 o'clock, I went out foraging with Polhill, and W. B.'s servant, who showed us the way to a neighbouring village about two miles distant; our diversion on the road was really amusing. We first of all came across a number of soldiers chasing a flock of geese, which, every time they came near, kept flying for a couple of hundred yards, but after a time got too tired to do so, and were eventually all captured. At the commencement of the fun, the flock flew towards us, on which W. B.'s servant made a rush after them, and managed to secure one immediately after the flock had alighted. Our next encounter was a couple of engineer officers carrying a *bundle* of turkeys and fowls each. Then came two Guardsmen (officers) carrying a bundle of reeds between them on a long pole; the previous night's drenching having taught them to fish for themselves; the reeds having been intended for bedding, and to construct a tent or covering of some kind, if tent be not the proper name. The Guardsmen were succeeded by two epauletted Highlanders, carrying in like manner on a pole, a bundle of turkeys and chickens; as also some turf for fuel. Our foraging was

rather successful, we left with seven turkeys, one fowl, two eggs, and eight or nine watermelons, in addition to the capture of the goose. On arrival in camp, I found Dowdall had had a very comfortable bed constructed for himself, and *No. 1* of straw partially covered by a water-proof of his, and my plaid. About 4 P.M. I joined Carmichael, Brook, and Bazalgette in a walk towards the sea for a bathe; the walk proved rather longer than we expected, and the bath was not so pleasant, for the wind blowing in shore, created a good deal of surf, and stirred up much dirt. Our walk to the sea and back must have been about 6 miles, which completed a pretty good day's work, and by which I think I earned, and I certainly enjoyed a share of a turkey and some soup for dinner; after which I turned in, and slept like a top until about 1 o'clock, when the cold awoke me. I could not manage to get warm, so could only dose until day light of

Saturday, September 16th,—when we all had to be up for a parade, at which nothing was done, and after we had shifted our camp ground about fifty yards, Polhill, Ferguson, and I walked to the beach to go on board ship, or rather on

board one or two ships, where we managed to get a ham, a cheese, some whiskey and a little rum. Captain Peterbridge* kindly sent us on shore after dinner, which he asked us to stop to partake of. I must say he was excessively kind and hospitable. We returned to camp about 7 o'clock, soon after which I turned into a corner of Dowdall's tent (for part of them had arrived), and in which, besides he and I, were Major Hume, Captains Davis and Sargent. About 10 o'clock I was awoke out of my sleep by Dowdall crying out, "Flapper, get up, the alarm has been given; something is up." The whole regiment was, in a few minutes, under arms; but the alarm, which originated with the French near us, turned out to be a false one, and we were soon ordered to turn in again, and I slept very comfortably, except that the two days' exercise had made me rather stiff.

A report afloat to-day that some of the Rifle Brigade had exchanged shots with some Cossacks last night. The Rifles yesterday captured some 70 odd araba loads of flour which was being escorted to Sebastopol. They fired

* Captain of the Maori transport, in which Lieutenant Braybrooke embarked for the Crimea.—ED.

at the Cossacks who formed the escort at a distance of 400 or 500 yards, upon which the dreaded Cossacks immediately bolted, and left the prize, valuable in two ways, the flour for food and the arabas for transport, of which, I believe, the Commissariat have managed to get a pretty decent supply in the shape of bullock, poney and dromedary carts, with, of course, the animals. The natives, they say, are bringing them in voluntarily, and would be very kind to the English in bringing them supplies if it had not been for the French, who immediately began plundering whatever they could lay their hands on, and destroying carts and houses for firewood. The Rifles have been placed as a guard over two villages near us to prevent this work. Four companies of the Rifles occupied one village on the first night of their arrival, and the Colonel moved into a very comfortable and tastefully furnished quarter, which had been vacated on our approach by a Russian Colonel; in the house there are mirrors, window curtains, and a pianoforte.

Sunday, September 17th.—A quiet day. I did not leave the camp, having heard that there would be an opportunity to-morrow of sending

letters to England and Malta. I commenced one to my mother after writing up my Diary.

We are very badly off for water here. We have to send about two miles for it, and then get very dirty and slightly brackish stuff, and we have to be very careful how we use it. I washed myself this morning in about a pint, and after waiting until 9 o'clock, thought myself lucky in getting even that quantity. A shot fired pretty near made us all jump to our legs about 10½ P.M. Every sentry, however, very properly called out "All's well," so we knew it was some musket probably discharged by accident.

Monday, September 18th.—Our tents were this afternoon taken away from us, for it was found after landing them that the Commissariat had not transport sufficient to carry them on. The landing of the troops, &c. (except the siege train) if the wind had not changed and blown rather strongly in shore, would have been completed the day after our arrival; whereas, it was only completed this day; and about 11 P.M. orders were issued to march at six in the morning. We shall have to carry our own things, and be without tents until we fight our way into

Sebastopol. The siege train is to be landed 10 miles nearer to Sebastopol.

Tuesday, September 19th.—At $6\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. this morning we left our ground; it was a beautiful sight seeing the troops assembling in a plain about two miles from our encamping ground. About a mile to our right the French were also defiling from their encampment. We marched with two halts until past 3 o'clock, when the Russians were discovered before us. Some Cavalry and one troop (Thomas') of Horse Artillery, as also a few Riflemen, were advanced, and at 35 minutes past three the Horse Artillery opened the ball. A little sharp firing was kept up for about 30 minutes. We had three men wounded: two Cavalry and one Rifleman. One of the Cavalry had his foot shot off; one horse was also killed. The enemy's loss unknown.

Most of us found it a very hard day's work. I know I felt inclined to tumble down more than once, for I was pretty well laden, having on my back my knapsack full, my railway wrapper strapped on the top, my great coat across my shoulder; my revolver and the ammunition required, therefore, did not add a little to

my load. About $4\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. the Light and Second Divisions formed a splendid line on the side of a range of hills facing the Russians ; the First Division supporting the Light Division, and the Third Division doing the same good office towards the Second ; the Fourth Division in reserve. The sight is a glorious one. The men are in first-rate spirits, and will not disgrace their ancestors of the Peninsula and Waterloo. The Russians will prove themselves noble soldiers if they make us retreat. My first act after we had piled arms this afternoon, was to rush down for some straw for bedding, and I managed to stagger up under two successive bundles. Retired to bed at eight after eating some salt beef and onions.

Wednesday, September 20th.—I got up at an early hour this morning ($4\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock) having had more refreshing sleep than any I have had since we landed ; my great coat and my railway wrapper round me, a pair of spare trousers half drawn on to keep my feet warm, and some straw, a decent quantity, thrown over me.

6 A.M.—They say the French are to commence the work to-day as they are nearer the enemy than we are. At 8 A.M. the English had

all formed as far as I could see in the following order:—

